

Columbia Democrat.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Volume IX.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 11, 1845.

Number 25

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT.
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.
TERMS:
The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discount allowed, until all arrearages are discharged.
ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. **LETTERS** addressed on business, must be post paid.

CLOCK & WATCH MAKING.

CUTAVUS L. SHUFF,
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Columbia county, and the public generally that he has located himself in Bloomsburg on Main street opposite St. Paul's Church, where he has opened a shop, and is now ready and prepared to receive and execute all work in his line of business, with dispatch and in a workmanlike manner.

Clocks & Watches
of the best quality, can be had at his establishment on very reasonable terms.

REPAIRING & CLEANING
will be done to the satisfaction of the customer, as well of Clocks and Watches as of Jewels, and he will further warrant his work to be executed as well as any in this section of the State. He will also make to order.

SURVEYING COMPASSES
or pocket, and in short, will do all other work usually done in a well regulated respectable establishment. He hopes by strict attention to business and a desire to please, to receive a liberal share of patronage. Country Produce taken in payment for work at the market prices.
Bloomsburg, November 15, 1844.—36t

Danville WOOLLEN FACTORY.

THE Danville Steam Woollen Factory, formerly owned and occupied by Dr. Petrikin, has recently been purchased by the subscriber, who respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to execute all kinds of work in his line of business, at the shortest notice, according to order, and in the best comparative manner. Having gone to considerable expense in repairing his machinery and apparatus, and being very particular in securing the services of experienced mechanics, he feels confident that he is capable of executing all kinds of work in his line in a style superior to any other establishment in the country. Prices of work as follows: Cloth 1/2 yard wide light and dark, from 45 to 55 cents per yard.

Do bottle greens, olive brown, &c. from 50 to 60
Sateets of the above colors, from 40 to 44
Flannels one yard wide, 30 cents.
Wine, brown or black, 40
Madder red, 45
Blanket 2 yds wide; twilled or plain, from 60 to 70 cents per yard.

CARDING & FULLING

Will be done in the best manner, and at the usual prices. All kinds of country produce will be taken in payment for work at Danville market prices.

SATINETTS; FLANNELS; CLOTHS & BLANKETS;
Constantly on hand, for sale at reduced prices for Cash or Order.

For the accommodation of customers living at a distance—wool for Manufacturing will be taken in at the following places:

COLUMBIA COUNTY.—Isaac Kline's Mill, Fishing creek; Holmes' store, Columbia; Low & Thompson's store, Lime-Ridge; W. J. Waller & Co.'s store, Berwick; Stewart & Ricketts' store, Orangeville; Wm. McKelvey Co.'s store, Bloomsburg; John G. Sharpless' store, Cattawissa; L. Bissel's store, Jerseytown; Derr & McBride's store, White Hall; Stroup's store, Washingtonville.

LUZERNE COUNTY.—Reynold's store, Kingsport; Gildersleeve's, Wilkesbarre; Stevens' store, Nanticoke; Judge Mack's Mill, Huntington.

Plain written directions must accompany every parcel.
B. R. GEARHEART.
Danville, May 3, 1845.—2

List of Letters.

REMAINING in the Post Office, at Bloomsburg, on the quarter ending June 30th 1845
Alfred Abraham Ryan Daniel
Pepper Ezzie Robson Miss Mary
Fulmer Daniel Renhart Samuel 2
Hartman A. B. Sprout A. B. Esq.
Jackson Joseph Sems Wm. or John [ship]
Kaunady Sarah Wychoff Y. V.
Martin Thomas Wakefield James
Persons calling for letters in the above list will please say they are advertised.
J. R. MOYER P. M.

WANTED Two Apprentices

THE LAST and BEST TREE Making business. Smart active boys between the ages of 15 and 17 will receive good encouragement upon immediate application to the subscriber.
SIMON C SHIVE
Bloomsburg, June 14, 1845.—36t

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

LIGHT FOR ALL.

BY J. GORSTICK.

You cannot pay with money
The million sons of toil—
The sailor on the ocean,
The peasant on the soil,
The laborer on the quarry,
The hewer of the coal,
Your money pays the hand,
But it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the cathedral,
Whose turrets meet the sky;
Remember the foundations
That in earth and darkness lie,
For were not those foundations
So darkly resting there,
Your towers could never soar up
So proudly in the air.

The workshop must be crowded
That the palace may be bright;
If the ploughman did not plough,
Then the poet could not write.
Then let every toil be hallowed
The man performs for man,
And have its share of honor,
As part of one grand plan.

See, light darts down from heaven,
And enters where it may:
The eyes of all earth's people
Are cheered with one bright day,
And let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill the souls of men,
As water fills the sea.

The man who turns the soil
Need have no earthly mind,
The digger 'mid the coal
Need not be in spirit blind,
The mind can shed a light
On each worthy labor done,
As lowliest things are bright
In the radiance of the sun.

The tailor, ay, the cobbler,
May lift their hands like men—
Better far than Alexander,
Could he wake to life again,
And think of all his bloodshed.
(And aid for nothing too!)
And ask himself—"What made I
So useful as a shoe?"

What cheers the music student,
The poet, the divine?
The thought that for his followers
A brighter day will shine,
Let every human laborer
Enjoy the vision bright—
Let the thought that comes from heaven
Be spread like heaven's own light!

Ye men who hold the pen,
Rise like a band inspired,
And poets, let your lyrics
With hope for man be fired;
Till the earth becomes a temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

SIMPLIFYING MARRIAGE.

The ceremony of tying the nuptial knot is very much simplified in the Hoosier State, as the following scene will show:—
"What is your name, sir?" demand the Justice.
"Matty."
"What is your name, Miss?"
"Polly."
"Matty, do you love Polly?"
"No mistake."
"Polly, do you love Matty?"
"Well, I reckon."
Well then, concludes the official dignitary.
"I pronounce you man and wife
All the days of your life."

MISCELLANEOUS

Gen. Jackson's Marriage.

This event in the history of General Jackson has often been alluded to, but the circumstances attending it are very little known.

Miss Rachel Donelson, the daughter of Colonel Donelson, of Virginia, had been celebrated for her gaiety, affability and sweetness of disposition. Her father emigrated to Tennessee, and, dying left her an orphan. She formed an unhappy matrimonial connection with a morose, jealous and dissipated character by the name of Roberts, who soon abandoned her.

The difficulty was made up, and the wedded pair came together again soon after which Andrew Jackson became a transient boarder in the same house where Roberts & his wife were residing. A second rupture soon occurred and Roberts left his wife and went to Kentucky. Learning that he had ended returning and taking her there, and dreading his inhumanity and bad treatment she determined to seek an asylum in Natchez, beyond his reach. Natchez was the Oregon of America. In the Spring of 1791, she came here with Col. Starke and his family. At the earnest request of Col. Starke, General Jackson piloted his family through the Indian country. After his return, Judge Overton communicated to him the astounding intelligence, that he was the unconscious cause of the last separation, that it arose from Roberts' jealousy of him, and the circumstances of his accompanying Col. Starke, to protect him from the Indians, had been seized upon by Roberts as a ground of divorce, in a petition to the Virginia Legislature.

The thought that an innocent woman was suffering so unjustly on his account, made General Jackson's sensitive mind most uneasy and unhappy. He immediately sought out Roberts & expostulated with him on the injustice and cruelty of his cause; but the interview ended in mutual defiance. At length news came that the Virginia Legislature had actually granted the divorce in accordance with Roberts' petition. Forthwith, Andrew Jackson hastened to Natchez, and offered his hand and his heart to the innocent and amiable woman, who had been made so unhappy by false and unfounded accusations. He came to Natchez to give the world the highest evidence he could give of her innocence.

Although free to form a new connection, Mrs. Roberts declined the proffered offer. But Andrew Jackson was not to be outdone. He addressed her in the language of Ruth to Naomi—"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to remove from following after thee, for where thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried." A promise which he literally fulfilled in refusing the sarcophagus of the Emperor Alexander Severus, that he might be buried by her. At length, after some months, Mrs. Roberts, being convinced that the chivalry which prompted the proposal had become associated with genuine love, accepted the offer, and they were married in Natchez or its vicinity, and returned to Tennessee. On arriving there, finding that the divorce had not gone through all the forms required by the laws of Virginia, at the time of marriage, the ceremony was again performed.

TRUE ENOUGH.

A man entering a room where two ladies were sleeping in Albany and stole their jewels, which were valuable. An Irishman hearing of the larceny gallantly remarked: "An shore, the two ladies who wear the most valuable jewels, he didn't touch at all."

THREE KINDS OF POOR.

In this world the poor are of three descriptions: viz.—The Lord's poor, and devils. As a general thing, the Lord takes care of his poor, and the devil takes care of his; but the poor devils have to look out for themselves.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

THE PEDLAR'S WIFE.

One of the most striking cases of presence of mind and self-possession of which I have any recollection, came to light in a trial which took place some years since in Ireland. The story looks like a fiction; but I have reason to believe it quite true. A woman travelling along a road to join her husband, who was a soldier and quartered at Athlone, was joined by a pedlar, who was going the same way. They entered into conversation during a walk of some hours; but as the day began to wane, they agreed that they should stop for the night at a house of entertainment, and pursue their pedestrian journey the next day. They reached a humble inn, situated in a lonely spot by the road side; and fatigued after a long day's walk they were glad to find themselves under the shelter of a roof. Having refreshed themselves with the substantial supper set before them, they expressed a wish to retire.—They were shown into the traveller's room, and went to rest in their respective beds. The pedlar, before retiring, had called the landlord aside, and given into his keeping the pack, which he had snatched from his back, till the morning, telling him that it contained a considerable sum of money and much valuable property. They were not long in bed before the pedlar fell into a sound sleep, but the poor woman, perhaps from over fatigue, or from thoughts of meeting her husband next day lay awake. A couple of hours might have passed, when she saw the door slowly open, and a person enter holding a light which he screened with his hand. She instantly recognized in him one of the young men she had seen below—son to the landlord. He advanced with stealthy step to the bedside of the pedlar, and watched him for a few seconds. He then went out and entered again with his brother and his father, who held in his hand a large pewter basin. They went on tiptoe to the bedside, where the pedlar lay in a deep sleep. One of the young men drew out a knife, and while the father held the basin so as to receive the blood, he cut the poor victim's throat from ear to ear. A slight half-sudible groan, and all was still, save the cautious movements of the party engaged in the fatal deed. They had brought in with them a large sack, into which they quickly thrust the unresisting body. The poor woman lay silently in her bed, fearing her turn would come next. She heard low muttering among the men, from which she soon gathered that they were debating whether they should murder her too, as they feared she might have it in her power to betray them. One of them said he was sure that she was fast asleep, and that there was no occasion to trouble themselves more; but to make sure of this being the case, one came to her bedside with the candle in his hand, and the other with the knife. She kept her eyes closed as if in sleep, and had such complete command over herself, as not to betray in her countenance any sign that she was conscious of what was going on. The candle was passed close to her eyes; the knife was drawn close to her throat; she never winced, or showed by any movement of feature or limb that she apprehended danger. So the men whispered that she was so soundly asleep that nothing was to be feared from her and they went out of the room, removing the sack which contained the body of the murdered man. How long must that night of horror seem to the poor lone woman—how rightful was its stillness and its darkness! The presence of mind which had so astonishingly enabled her to act a part to which she owed her life, sustained her all through the trying scenes which she had yet to pass. She did not hurry from her room at an unseasonable hour, but waited until she heard all the family stir for some time when she went down, and said she believed she had over slept herself in consequence of being greatly tired. She asked where the pedlar was, and was told that he was in too great a hurry to wait for her, but that he had left sixpence to pay for her breakfast. She sat down composedly to that meal, and forced herself to partake with apparent appetite the food set before her. She appeared unconscious of the eyes, which with deep scrutiny were fixed upon her. When the meal was over, she took leave of the

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE

A venerable American judge relates the following anecdote:—The morning following the battle of Yorktown, I had the curiosity to attend the dressing of the wounded. Among others whose limbs were so much injured as to require amputation, was a musician, who had received a musket ball in the knee. As was usual in such cases, preparations were making to lash him down to the table to prevent the possibility of his moving. Says the sufferer—
"Now, doctor, what would you be at?"
"My lad, I am going to take off your leg, and it is necessary you should be lashed down."
"I'll consent to be such a thing. You may pluck the heart from my bosom, but you'll not confine me. Is there a fiddle in the camp? If so, bring it to me."
A violin was furnished, and after tuning it, he said—
"Now, doctor, begin," and he continued to play until the operation, which took about forty minutes, was completed, without missing a note or moving a muscle."

ONLY TALKING TO HIMSELF.

A person in company said, in a violent passion, to another—
"You are a liar! a scoundrel!"
The other, with great composure, turned round to the company, and said to them—
"You must not mind what this poor fellow says, it is a way he has; he was only talking to himself."

NOTHING MORE LIKELY.

An extravagant young gentleman, having a pair of beautiful grey asked a friend who happened to be of a serious cast what he thought of them?
"Why, I confess," replied the other, they look extremely beautiful; but I am fearful that your greys will soon be converted into duns."

Why was attorney Gen. Van Buren, in the recent affair at Hudson, like Christ in the last chapter of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress'?—Because he made a 'pass over Jordan.'

Veal is called 'unfished beef' in the Newburgh Telegraph. The Saturday Visitor supposes lamb would be termed 'incipient mutton,' and we think pig might be denominated premonitory pork.

There is a man in this city, who has such a hatred to any thing pertaining to monarchy, that he won't wear a crown on his hat.—N. Y. Atlas.

Great riches have sold more men than ever they have bought out.

Base natures, if they find themselves once suspected, will never be true.

He that cannot see well, let him go offily.

RAIL ROAD AND TELEGRAPHS.

The London Times of a late date contains an admirable article in relation to Rail Roads and Telegraphs, and the influence they are likely to produce upon society and the great movements of the world, not indeed political, or moral, but without important moral and political bearing,—a rearrangement of the internal communications of the country, amounting to a fresh construction of its social geography. The Times then alludes to its extraordinary progress, with the news of the Sunderland Election, and says that with little danger and small expense, England was traversed from almost north to south within eighteen hours, two or three of which were spent in London. Consider, says the Times, what this implies!

From the southern coast to Edinburgh and back becomes the easy work of 24 hours. From the Land's end to John O'Groat's hours is brought within the same compass. The whole, while of this island is now, to all intents and purposes, as near to the metropolis as Sussex or Buckinghamshire were two centuries ago. The midland counties are a mere suburb. With the space and resources of an empire we enjoy the compactness of a city. Our roads are contracted into streets, our hills and dales into municipal parks, and our thousand leagues of coast into the brief circumference of a castle wall. Ninety, it is said, was three days journey across. Great Britain is one in its longest dimension. For questions of distance we are as mere spots as Malta or St. Helena, as one of the channel islands, or as any one of those minute though famous insular states in the ancient Aegean. One peaceful circumvallation includes the hundred opposite parts are blended into one Parnassus and to every point of the compass it verges the often traversed 'long walls' that unite them with our girdled acropolises.

In connection with his marvellous achievement of Railroad enterprise, are presented the still more extraordinary marvels of the Electric Telegraph which in a few years will bring the whole population under one roof and into one room. For every great emergency, the farthest point will instantly communicate its wants, and receive instant reply that they shall speedily be supplied.

The island will thus become one nervous system with a scarcely less quick and infallible action than the human frame.—Our metropolis will be the sensorium of one acutely sensitive and intelligent fabric. The most northern or western part will communicate its sensations as immediately as the finger of the eye transmits its noiseless tidings to the brain. A pulsation, a glance, quick as lightning, quick as thought, passes from Calithness to the Admiralty, and thence to Penzance. From Dover to Holyhead takes less time than the writing of these two words. Terminal a thousand miles apart, with a hundred intermediate stations, may, if it be found

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